All in the golden afternoon
  Full leisurely we glide ;
For both our oars, with little skill,
  By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
  Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three ! In such an hour,
  Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
  To stir the tiniest feather !
Yet what can one poor voice avail
  Against three tongues together ?